



The Home of Quality Groceries
A Merry Xmas TO ALL

If we are to have the pleasure of assisting you in getting up that Christmas Spread You would be justified in inviting Santa Claus himself! He is a great champion of quality!

Try These--They'll Please:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Bananas, Oranges | Libby's Moist Mince Meat |
| Nuts, Candy | Libby's Hawaiian Sliced Pineapple in 20, 25, 30 and 35c tins. |
| Celery, Lettuce | Seedless & seeded raisins |
| Cranberries | Coffin's Boneless Cod-fish Middles. |
| Orange Peel | |
| Lemon Peel | |
| Citron Peel | |
| Shelled Peanuts and Walnuts | |

Loomis & Nelson Telephone 23

A Message for Santa



CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

By Elizabeth Yockey
One Bethlehem Morn
A Christ was born,
In a manger low,
Of parents poor,
Closed was each door—
He'd no other place to go.

He was the gift
Life to uplift—
And lighten pain and woe.
May we not choose
His plan to use—
Shed love where'er we go?

This Bethlehem Morn
A Christ is born—
Each soul he'd dwell within.
He may not stay
If we should say:
"There's no room in the Inn."

Then persevere—
There's naught to fear—
His love on us descends.
Work with your might—
"What is, is right."
Give love to foes and friends.
—Ashland, Oregon, Dec. 4th, 1918.

ASHLAND IRON FOUNDRY HAS INDUSTRIAL FUTURE

The Ashland Iron Works have been doing their bit towards helping on the great war machinery to crush the Hun, and during the past three months this industry has been busy at emergency fleet work. Thirteen men have been engaged constructing anchor windlasses, during which time several of these machines have been turned out, with more yet under course of construction. Manager G. W. Dodson states that he has placed bids for several large contracts for the building of capstans which he hopes to obtain in a few days. On account of the cancellation of large numbers of wooden ships since the signing of the armistice much of the emergency fleet work has fallen off, but it is expected that many contracts will be reinstated, and that the Ashland Foundry will get its share.
The name of the Ashland Iron Works has also been placed on the mailing list of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet corporation, and they will receive copies of all future inquiries for the construction of steam anchor windlasses, steam steers, steam winches and steam capstans. This foundry is in the position to manufacture all orders for these materials, and will be in line for bids on contracts.
Shortage of labor has been the greatest drawback for the foundry in its contract work during the past summer. According to Manager Dodson it has been practically impossible to secure the required help for the work already secured and the foundry would be badly hampered if the more extensive contracts had arrived earlier. The closing of the war and the withdrawing of troops from the various cantonments will undoubtedly improve the labor situation here as elsewhere, and the Ashland Iron Works bid fair to become an industrial factor in the city's future.

Make use of the dampers in regulating the furnaces.

The Snow "Santy"

By ALLISON LEE



"ET her go!" "That will wake him up!" "Run fellows! Old Tightwad is coming out of his hut." It was the day before Christmas. "Her" was a giant snowball, the hut in question was a dilapidated hovel at the bottom of a long steep hill. "Old Tightwad" was the familiar epithet bestowed upon Elias Greene. A crowd of energetic urchins had been busy with a giant snow Santa Claus. The great rotund trunk had been duly rolled into shape. The following morning there had come a soft rain, then a sharp freeze. The snow would pack no longer so the disappointed lads went back to their sleds, coasting down the long incline that ended at the edge of Elias Greene's domain. A coasting sled had broken two pickets in the rickety fence and Old Tightwad came out furious, wheeled a barrow full of ashes to the base of the hill, scattering it about and spoiling the end of the slide. His tormentors hooted him and drove him into the house amid a fusillade of snowballs, he roaring up at them that he would have the law on them. The boys hid behind the mammoth snowball. One of their number uttered a quick chuckle. "I say, fellows," he grinned, "let's send Old Tightwad a Christmas present—the big snowball." And then the climax. The great body of ice and snow went thundering down the hill with terrific momentum. It cleared the open gateway, ran 20 feet and, just as the denizen of the hut half-opened the door, it was torn from its hinges by the impact of the great projectile which broke into fragments and the old man was thrown back amid its ruins, the shattered door striking him with stunning force. Elias Greene had once been a magnate of the village. He had never married and that was why his numerous relatives coddled and plundered and finally ruined him. He retired to the old hut to lead a hermitlike existence. His despoilers never went near him. Of all his kin Alice Wayne, an orphan half-niece, offered to keep house for him, but was rudely repelled. She had found work in the village and faithfully visited the old hut, bearing some dainty and tenderly inquiring as to his health. That very afternoon Alice had wrapped up a warm sweater she had knitted and bent her steps toward the wretched habitation. Her Christmas present fell from her hands as she discovered the plight of its injured inmate. Alice summoned a physician and sat up all night, nursing her patient. He was improved by morning. She prepared his breakfast and went to report to her employers. When Alice returned she was not alone. She introduced Mark Seaton. Elias eyed him closely, for he knew that this was her fiance working to reach an earning point where he could afford to marry. Mark was at once interested in the welfare of the old man. He suggested that they move the stove into the sickroom, and removed from the stovepipe hole a mass of paper. As he pulled it out his eyes discovered that it comprised a lot of documents bearing impressive seals and signatures. His eye caught an engraved name: "Acme Smelter Company."

"Mr. Greene," he spoke, "do you know what these are?" "Do I?" returned old Elias, with a jerky laugh. "Yes; worthless paper! There's a trunk full of them up in the attic." "Alice," whispered Mark, "I have made an important discovery. I will return soon, and was away for the hotel to find a newspaper he had left there. He returned and folded it at an item stating that a leading brokerage house in the city would redeem all bonds of the Acme Smelter company at fifty cents on the dollar. Elias Greene became intensely excited as he read the brief paragraph. He directed Mark to bring down the trunk from the attic. "Alice," he spoke, "make two even piles of those documents," which she did, wonderfully. He kept one and handed the other to Alice. "The only true soul among all the wretched brood who devoured my fortune," he said. "I give you these as your Christmas present—and your wedding gift."

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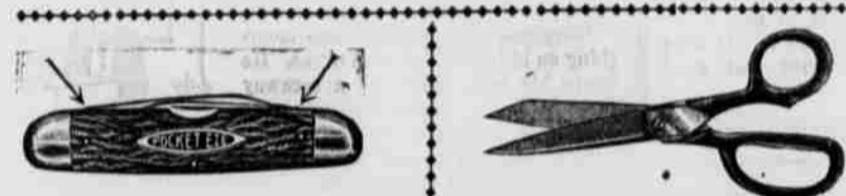


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Merry Christmas

Complete Assortment
Holiday Goods

- Tools for Men and Boys
Pyrex Cooking Utensils
Carving Sets
Roasters
Wagons



A suitable present for the boy We carry only the best grades

- Electrically Heated Cooking Utensils
Ball Bearing Skates
Percolators
Casseroles
Sleds

Numerous Other Xmas Items

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Hardware of Every Description

FEDERAL TIRES

Both Fabric and Cord

These tires must make good or we make them good.

Full Stock at

Ashland Garage
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C. E. Gates Auto Co.
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